Lots of engine fun!

THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE & FRIENDS™

Based on the Railway Series by The Rev. W. Awdry.

THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE & FRIENDS

Fantastic prizes!

Stories · Games · Colouring

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Hello, everybody!

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Island of Sodor Railway

This comic belongs to

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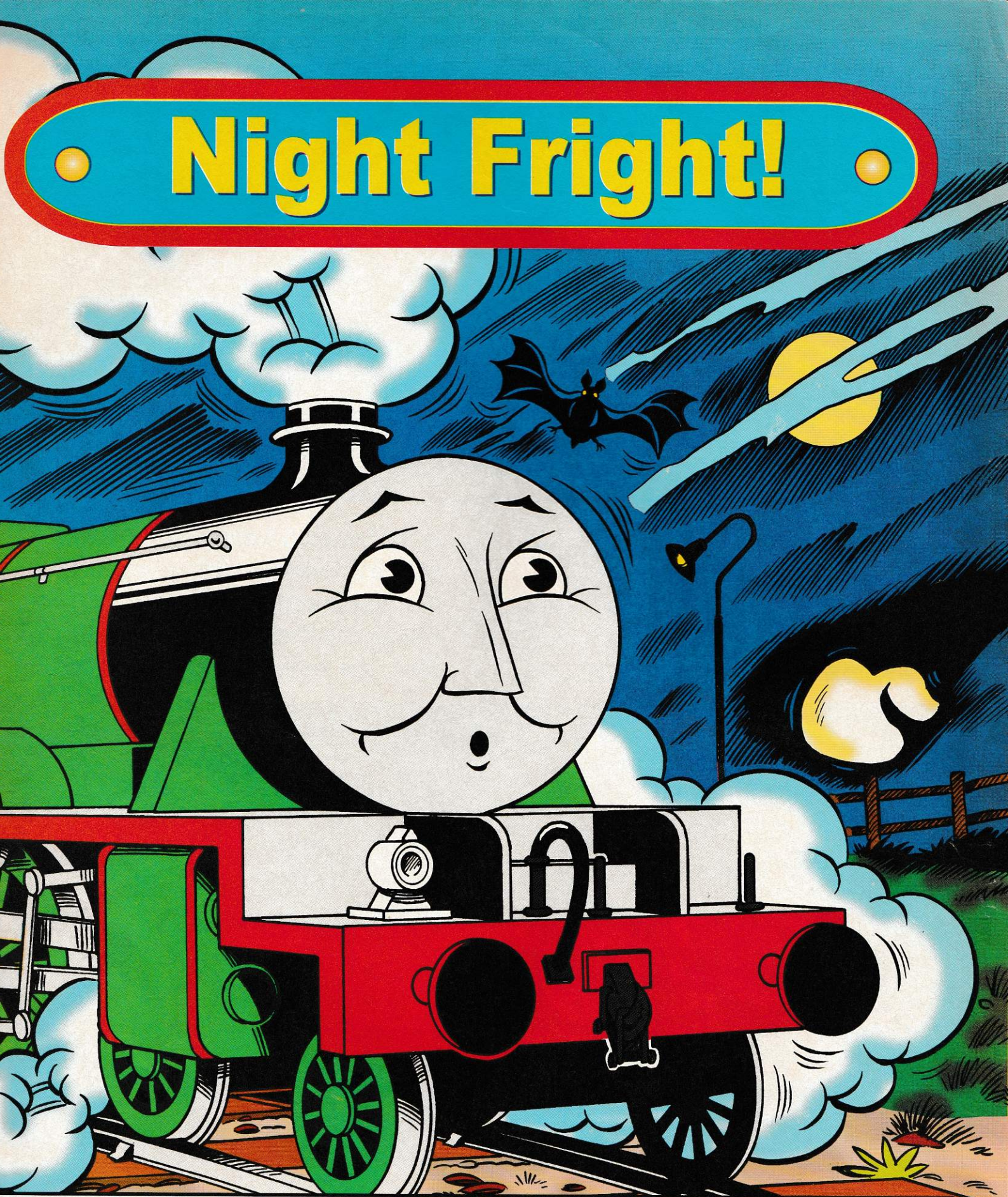
Night Fright!

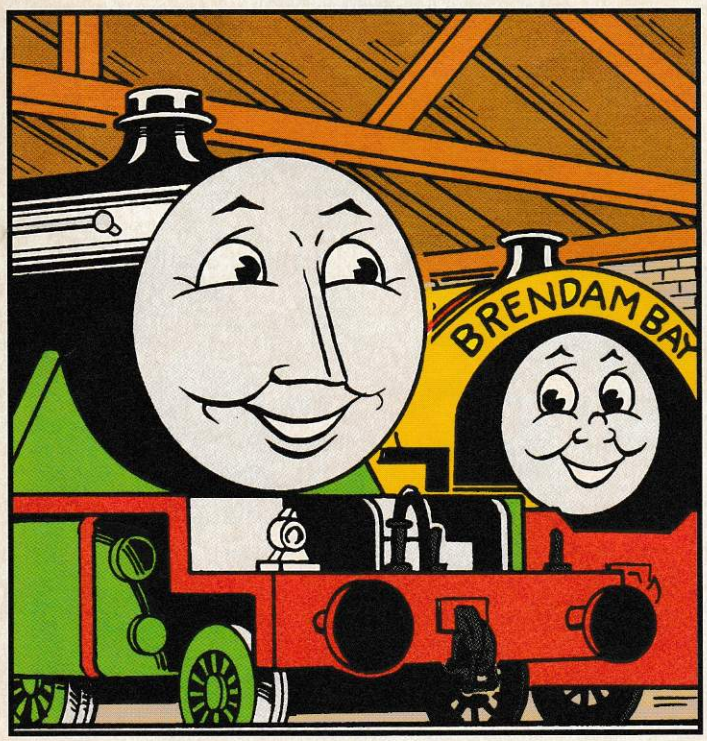


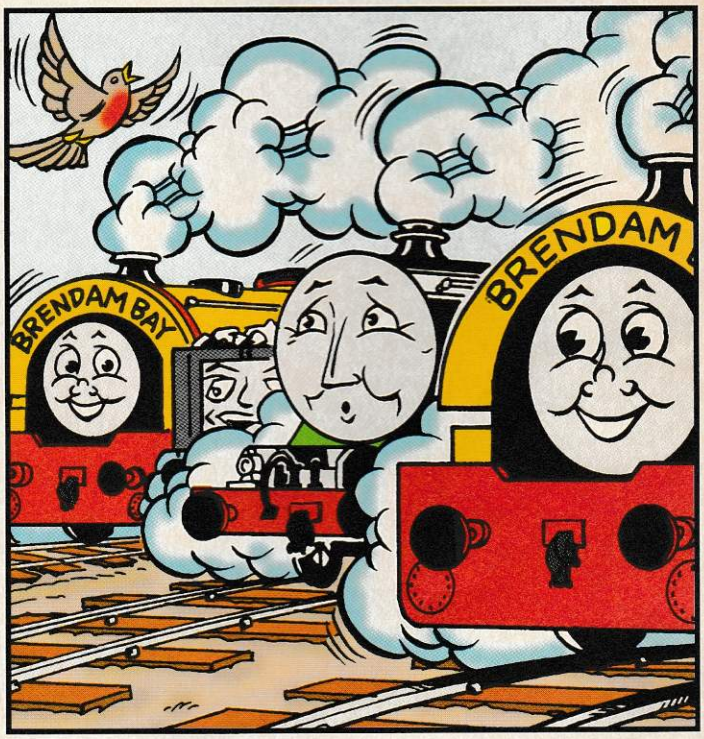
1. One night, Henry was working late. It was dark on his return to the Main Station. All the other engines were safely in the shed. "Not a soul about!" thought Henry, anxiously.

2. He didn't like being all alone. Everything seemed really spooky! Suddenly, Henry spotted a floating, white shape. He was so shocked, his wheels nearly jumped off the rails!

3. "Ohh!" gasped Henry. "A g.g..ghost! I'm sc..sc..scared of ghosts." "Now, don't be silly, Henry!" shouted his driver. "It's only a sheet, left on someone's washing line to dry!"

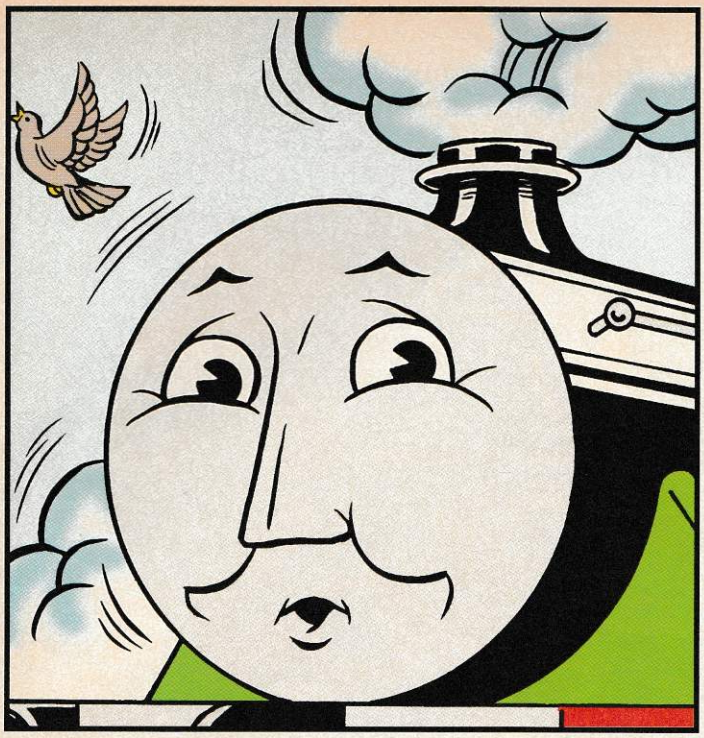
4. He peered harder and clearly saw it flapping in the wind. "Sorry," Henry mumbled. When he finally rolled into the shed only Bill and Ben, the twins, were still awake.



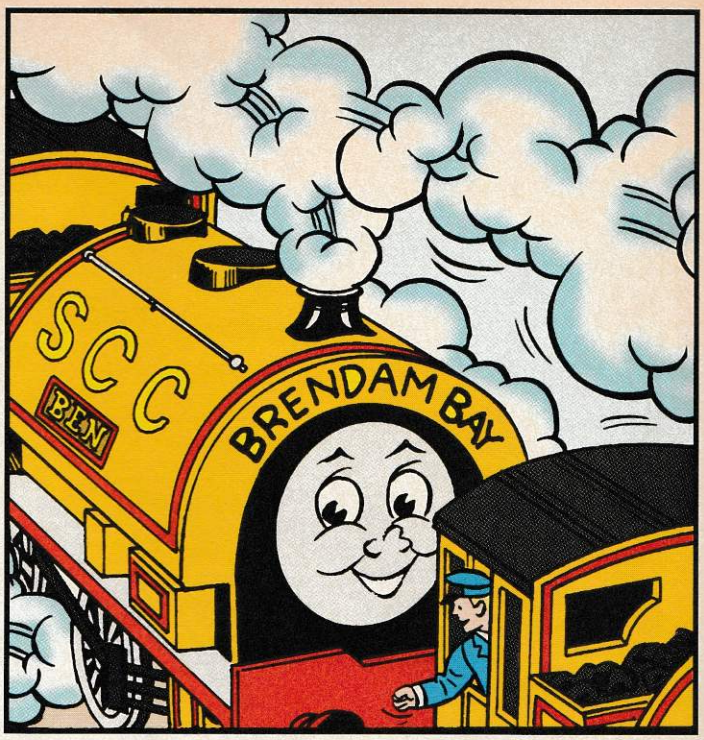


5. "What kept you, Henry?" asked Bill. "I had a bit of a fright," he smiled, sheepishly. The twins began to laugh. "The trouble is, Henry, you're too sensitive!" they said.

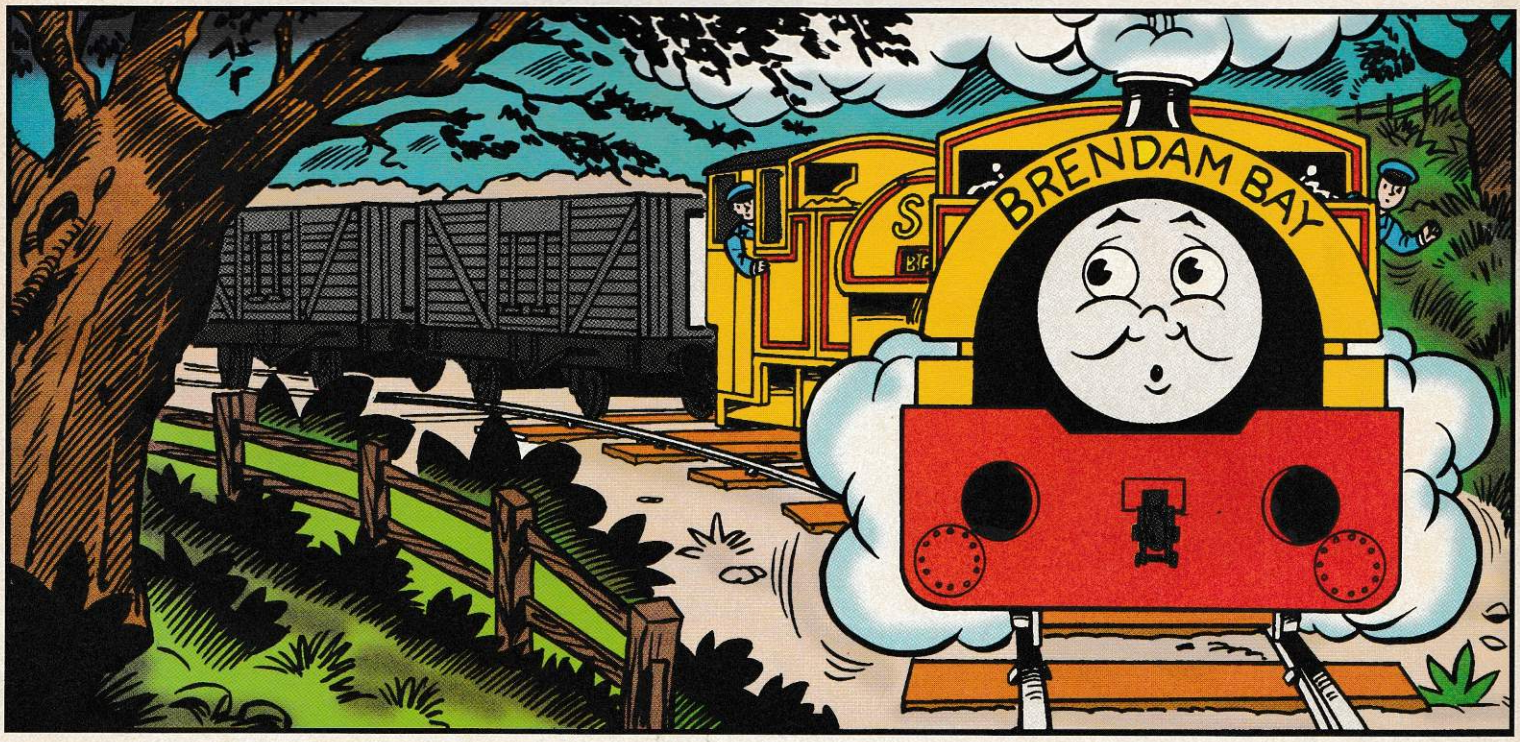
6. All the next day, the twins teased Henry. "Boo!" yelled Bill, rushing out from behind some trucks. "It's only me, not a ghost!" "Henry's turned as white as a sheet," joked Ben.



7. "Anyone can make a mistake," Henry sighed. "How would you like to be out after dark?" "It wouldn't scare us!" boasted Bill. "Not a ghost of a chance," grinned Ben.



8. Later, the troublesome twins left to collect some china clay. Bill and Ben were coupled to the same train as its load was very heavy. On the way back, there was a broken rail.



9. Their drivers decided to go around it, on an old loopline that was hardly ever used. "If we don't, we might be stuck out here all night!" they called. "Oh, no!" gasped the worried twins.

10. The loopline was very overgrown so Bill and Ben had to go slowly. It was getting late when they puffed along a deep, dark cutting. A breeze groaned eerily through the tall trees.

11. Long tree branches brushed against the engines, like crooked fingers. Then, when the drivers had to get out and change some points, Bill heard a weird scratching sound.

12. "Something's moving about behind us!" he cried, nervously. "It's a ghost!" cried Ben. "Nonsense," replied his driver. "It's a squirrel that has jumped into one of the trucks."

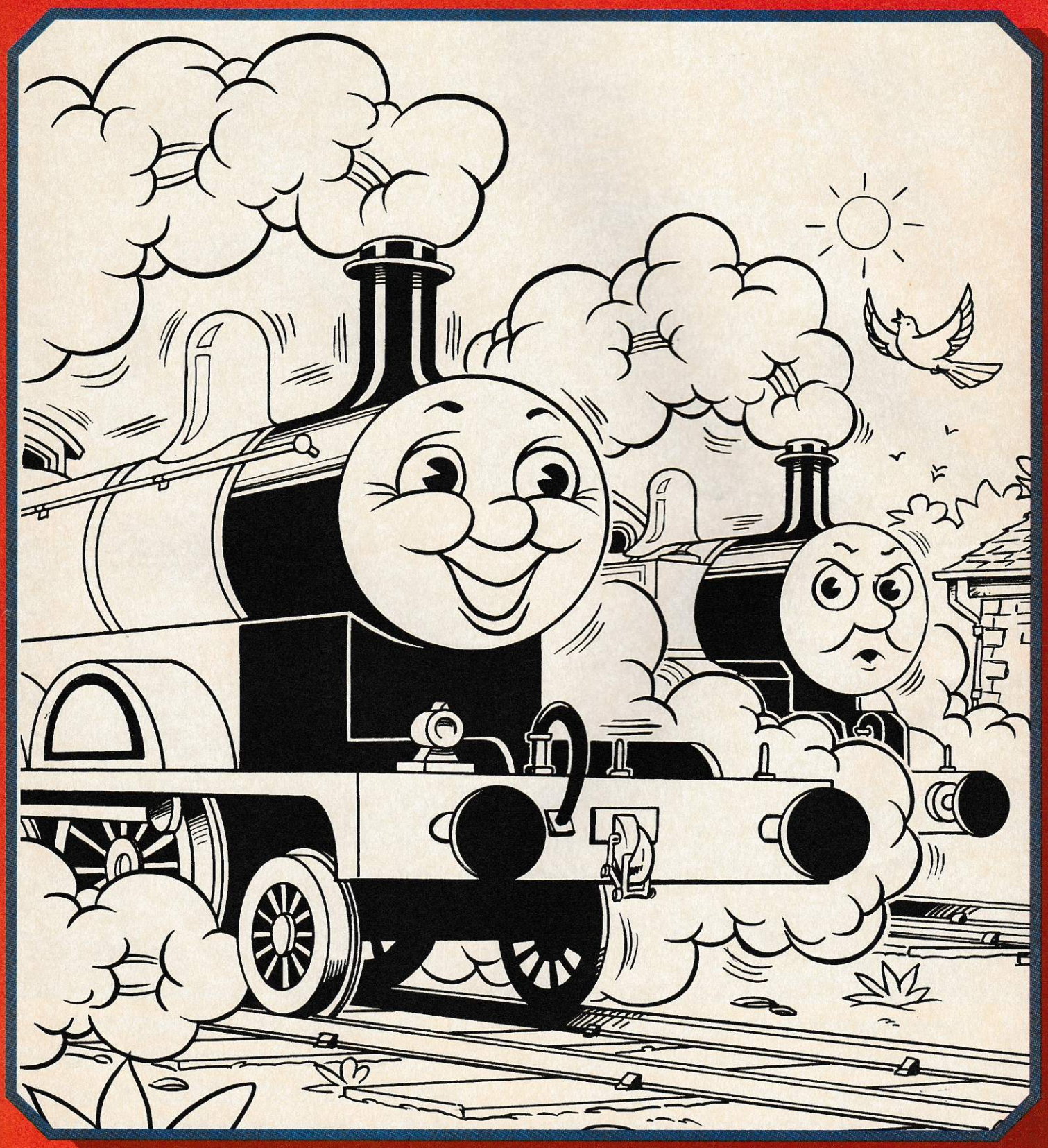
13. Soon, the moon rose, casting scary shadows over everything. An owl hooted and a bat fluttered past Ben's startled face. They were glad to reach the engine shed at last!

14. Next day, they all laughed. "Imagine being scared of a squirrel!" Henry teased. "That'll teach us!" said Bill. "Yes," agreed Ben. "We were well and truly spooked!"

PEEP! PEEP!
THE END!

Spot the c

These two pages look the same, but there are
spot the 6 changes? When you have



lifference!

some tiny differences between them! Can you found them all, colour in the pictures!

Answers: James' wheel arch - James' dome - Jame

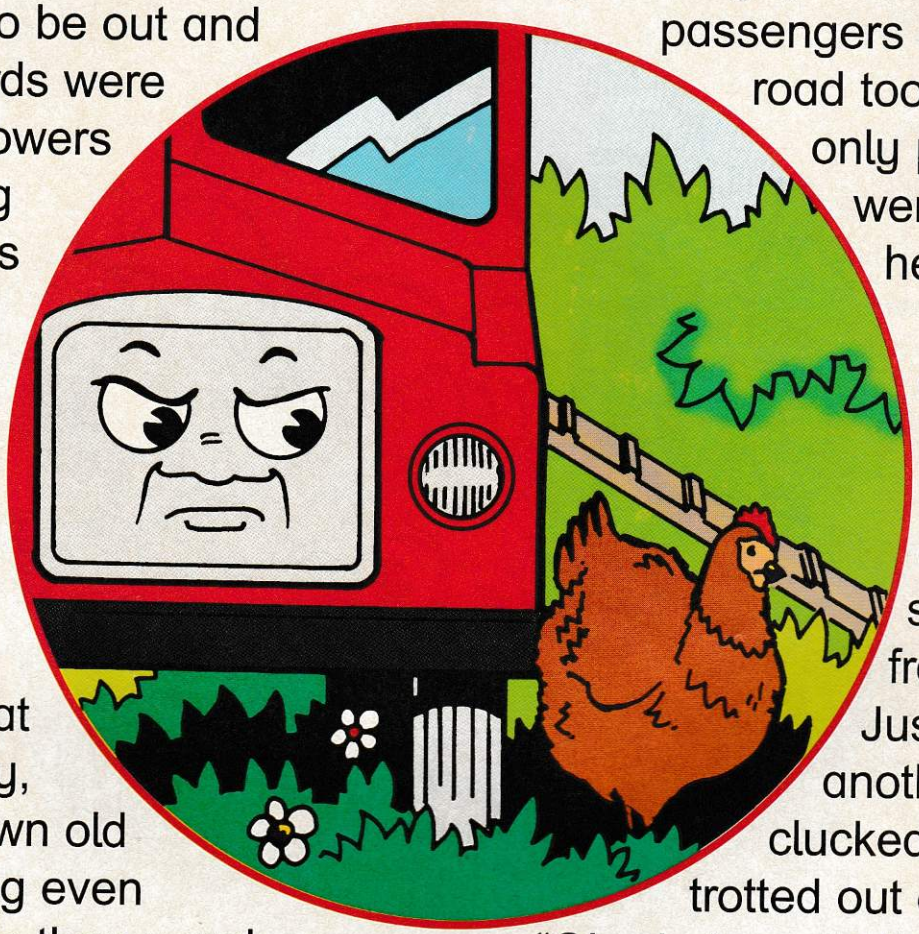
Bulgy's Babies!

It was a lovely spring day. The sort of day that made Bertie the bus glad to be out and about. The birds were singing, the flowers were blooming and Bertie was humming softly to himself as he drove along.

But there was someone who wasn't very happy that morning. Bulgy, the broken-down old bus was feeling even more miserable than usual.

When he saw Bertie coming along the road with a load of passengers, he sighed. "I'm fed up of being used as a hen house," he thought grumpily. "I wish I was a useful bus again, like Bertie." "Good morning, Bulgy!" Bertie called cheerily, as he went past.

Bulgy just scowled. "Humph!" he muttered in reply.



Bulgy remembered when, a long time ago, he used to drive passengers along the road too. Now his only passengers were noisy hens!

Bulgy continued to frown as he watched one of the hens saunter in front of him. Just then another hen clucked loudly and trotted out of the door.

"Oh, do be quiet!" Bulgy growled. Then he heard a little cheep. And another. And another! Bulgy looked around and was amazed to see three baby chicks trot out of his door, after the mother hen. He watched as the fluffy, baby chicks played about in

the warm sunshine.
Then the mother hen flew onto his bonnet and the baby chicks tried to copy her. But they couldn't fly. "Cheep, cheep!" they called, fluttering their wings and making little jumps.

Bulgy felt a bit sorry for them. "Come on, you can do it!" he encouraged. "Just flap your wings a little bit faster!"

The baby chicks tried and tried but they couldn't fly. Then one of them discovered a wooden plank resting on Bulgy's wheel. It trotted up that and onto the bonnet, cheeping, triumphantly. The other two chicks soon followed.

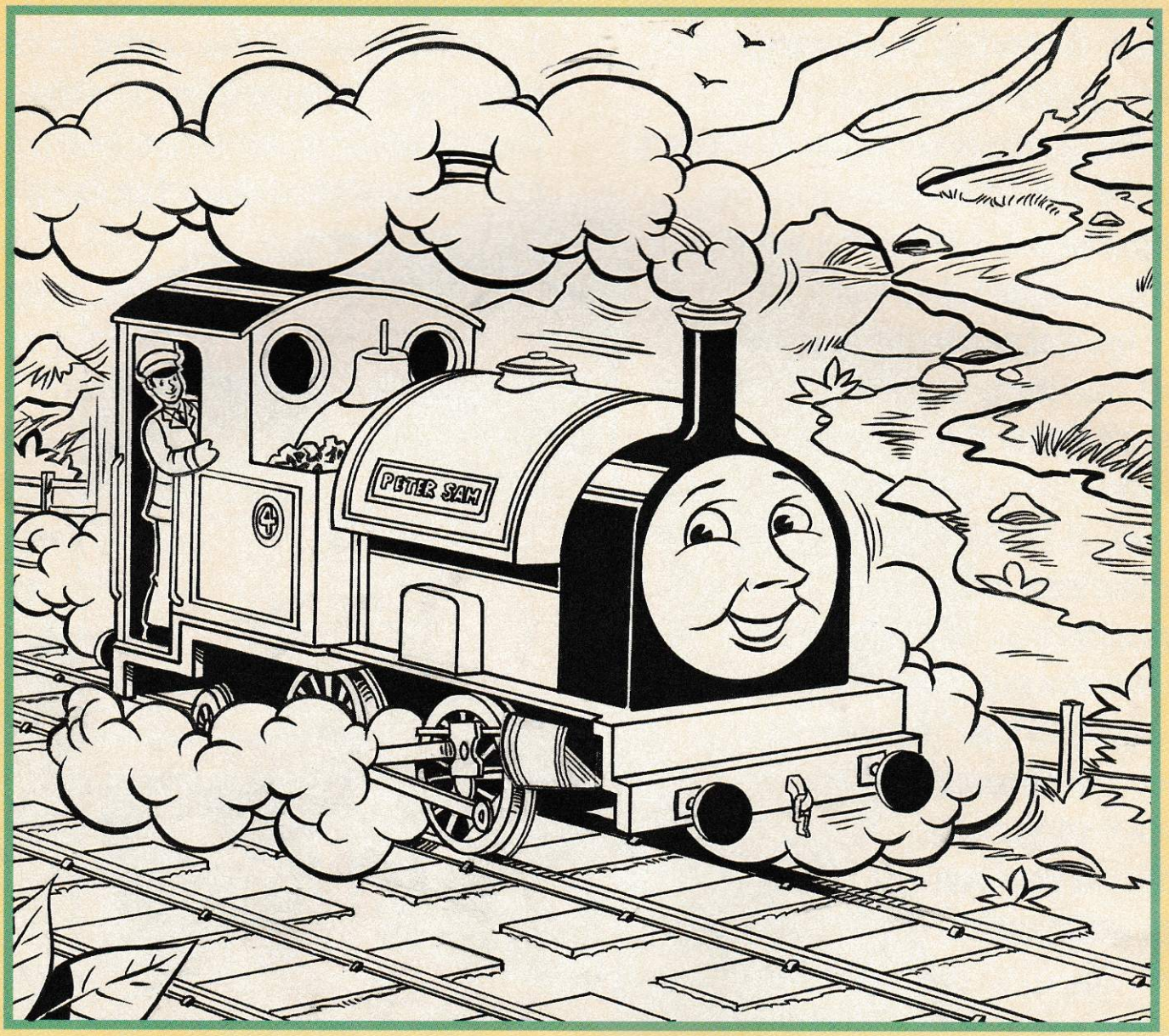
"Well done!" smiled Bulgy. And, as he watched the baby chicks play, he realised that he was still useful after all.

If it wasn't for him the mother hens and their babies wouldn't have anywhere to live! Bulgy felt much better.

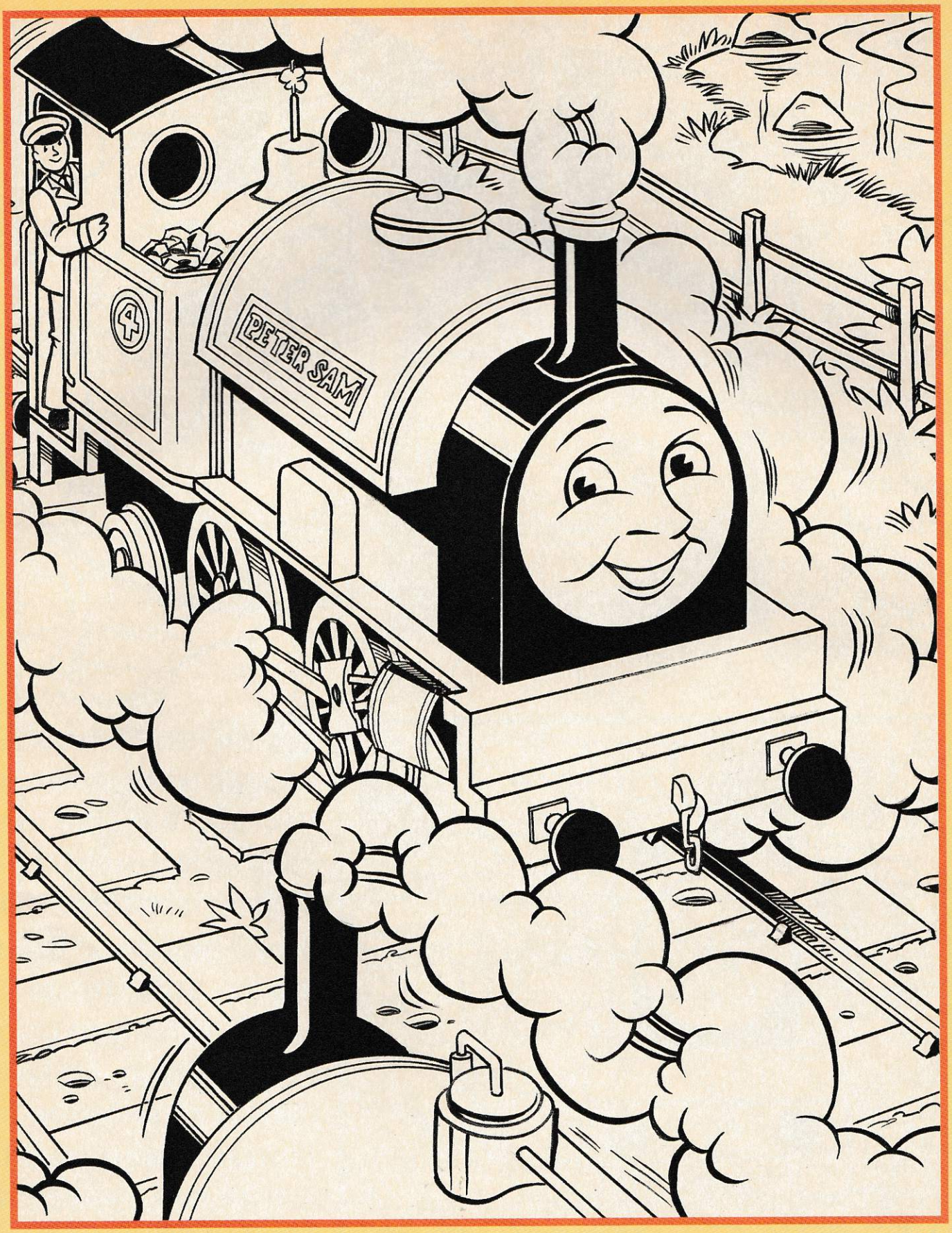
As for Bertie, he was very surprised, when he came back along the road later and saw Bulgy smiling, as three baby chicks waddled over his bonnet!

A read & colour story

Washed Away!

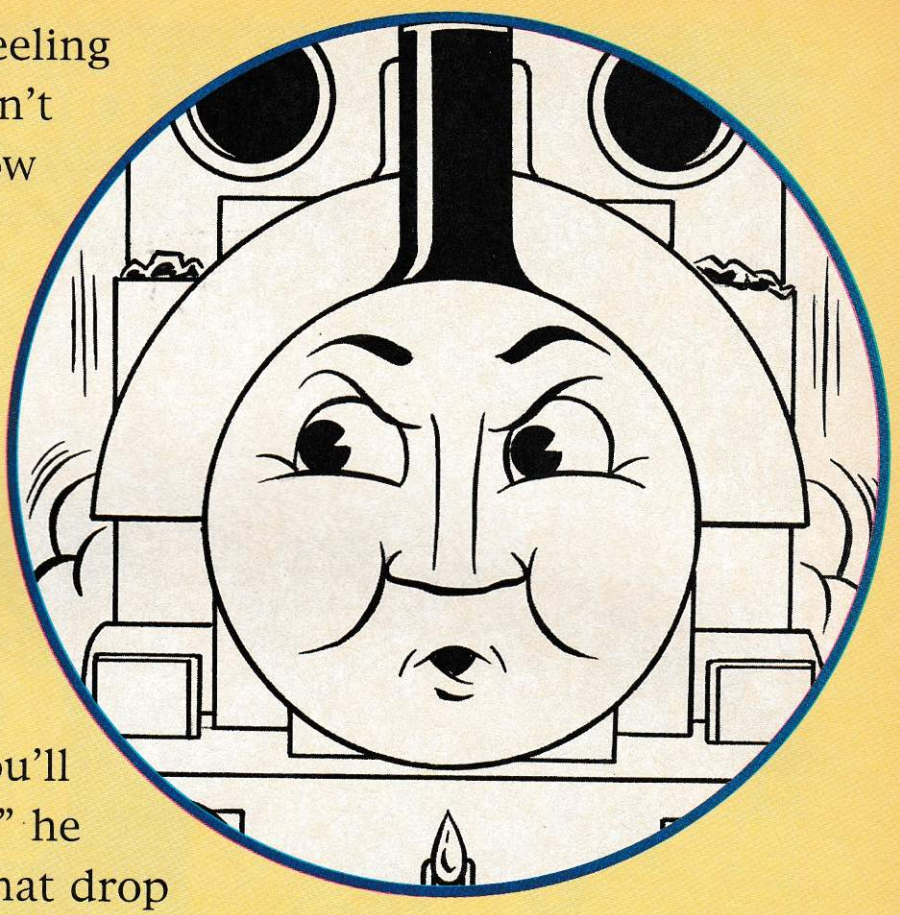


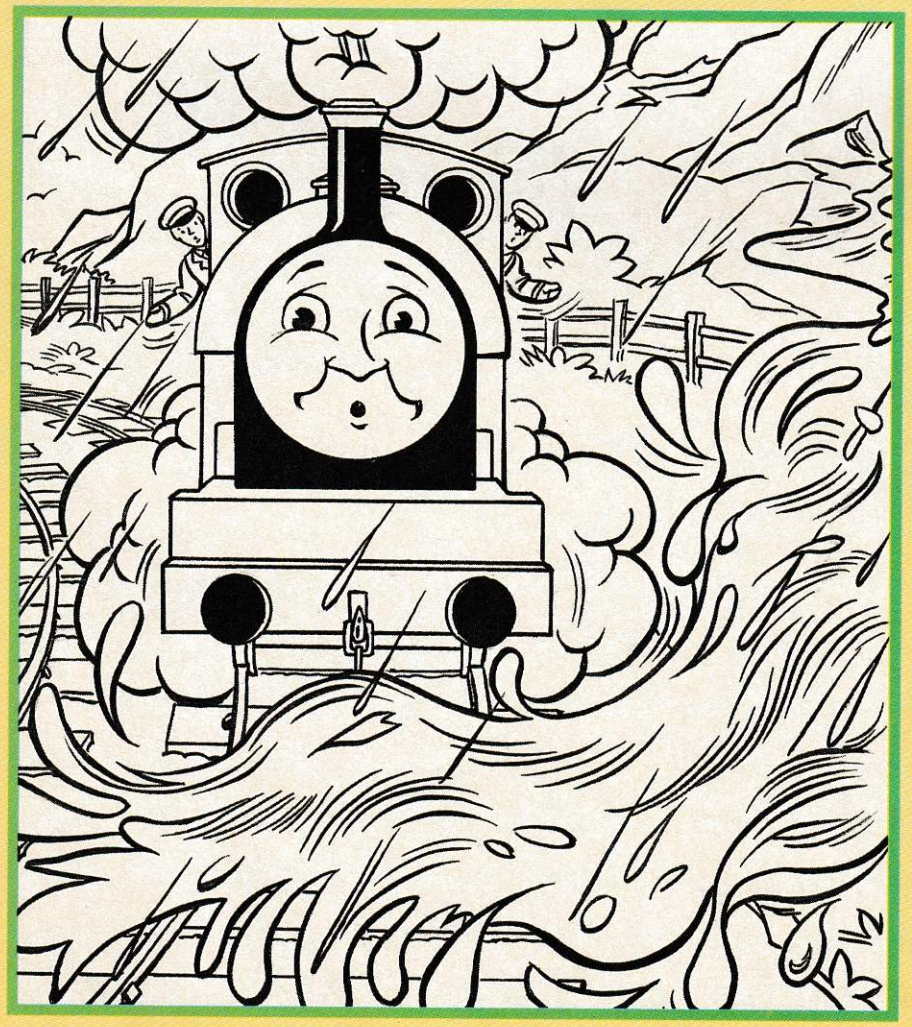
1 Peter Sam really enjoyed his work on the little railway. It wove all through the hills and around the lakes on the Island of Sodor. But there was one special place he liked the best. It was where the track passed through a green and beautiful valley. A pretty stream trickled gently down the valleyside and bubbled along beside the track. Peter Sam thought the view was lovely. The little stream gurgled and sparkled, as it wiggled its way around the mossy rocks. It made happy Peter Sam feel like singing!



2 "PEEP! PEEPETY-PEEP!" he whistled, cheerfully, whenever he went by. On one sunny morning, Peter Sam passed Sir Handel, at the stream. Sir Handel was pulling a long line of empty trucks. "Isn't it lovely here?" Peter Sam called.

3 But Sir Handel was feeling very grumpy. "Trucks don't like me!" he snorted. "Slow down so you can admire the view," said Peter Sam. "Not here, of all places!" Sir Handel grunted. "That stream isn't as harmless as it looks." Peter Sam was puzzled. "What do you mean?" he asked. But Sir Handel hurried away. "You'll see for yourself, one day!" he called. "What harm can that drop of water do?" thought Peter Sam.



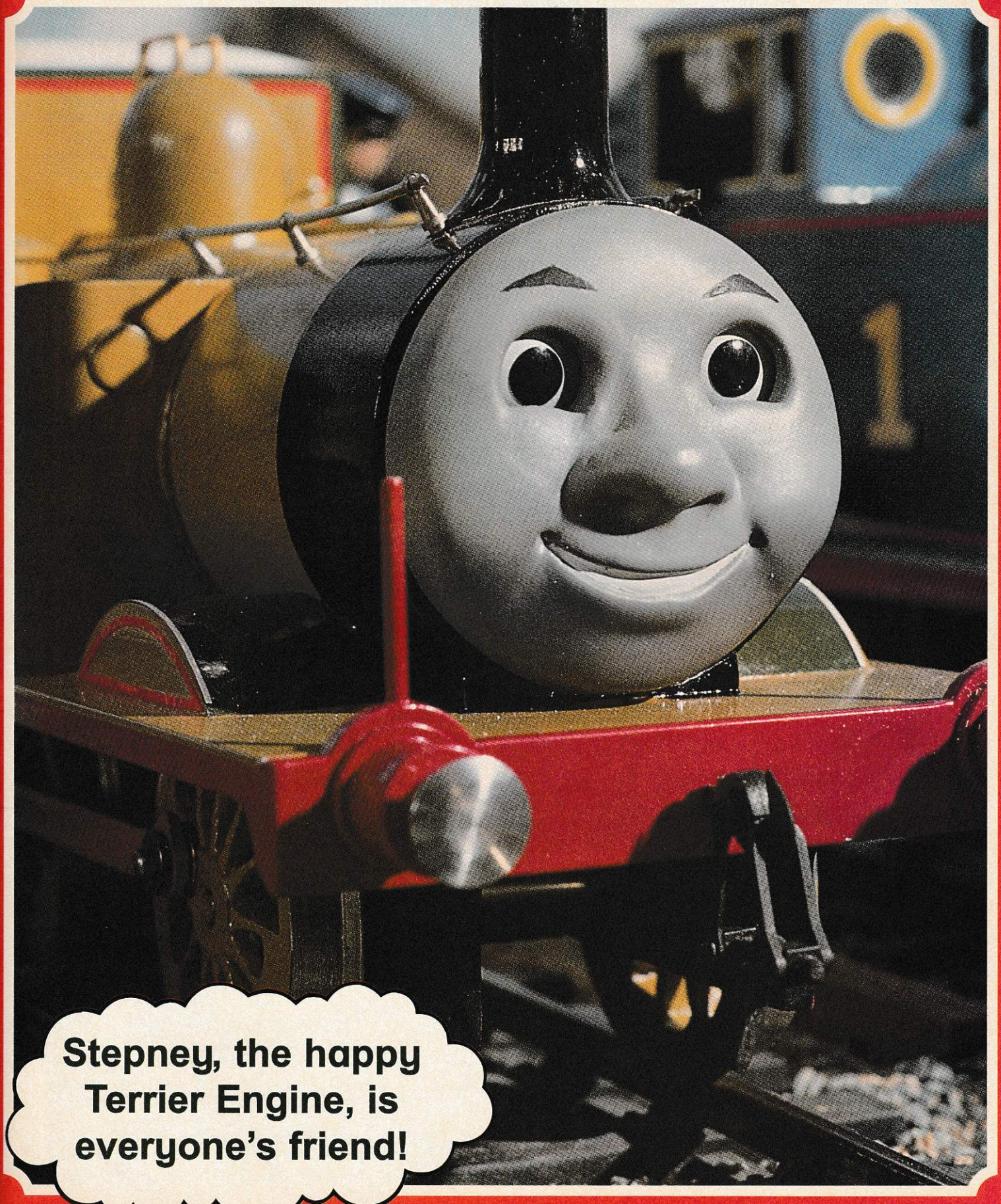


4 He found out soon enough when it rained non-stop for days. When Peter Sam neared the stream, he gasped! "Oh dear!" he cried. "Where has my little stream gone?" Peter Sam stared in disbelief at the fast moving river before him. The rain had turned the stream into a dangerous rapid. White water thundered noisily down the valleyside. It gushed right over the track, just ahead of poor Peter Sam.

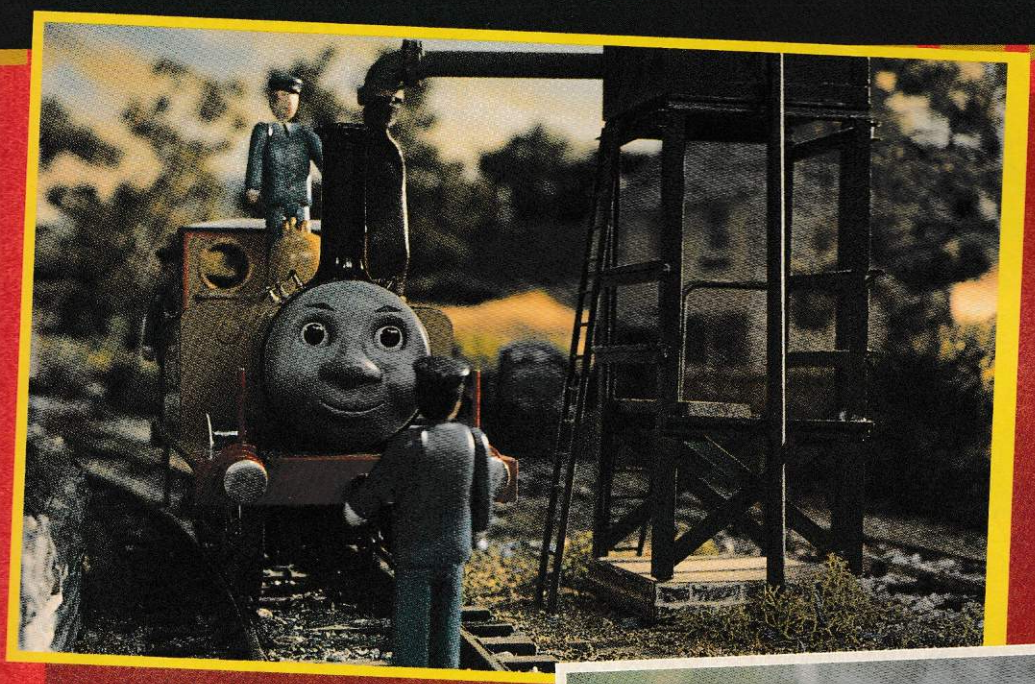
5 Peter Sam was frightened. "Now I know what Sir Handel meant!" he cried. "We'll have to turn back," called his driver. "No, I can make it!" shouted Peter Sam, bravely. He huffed and puffed, getting up as much steam as possible. Peter Sam raced ahead as fast as his wheels would carry him. He shut his eyes as he sped through the rushing water. A cloud of spray washed over him. Peter Sam was soaked. He didn't stop until he was safely clear. The track behind him was flooded! "That was too close for comfort!" said Peter Sam. "I was nearly swept away!" The flood soon dried up but, now, Peter Sam always races by just in case!

The end

All about

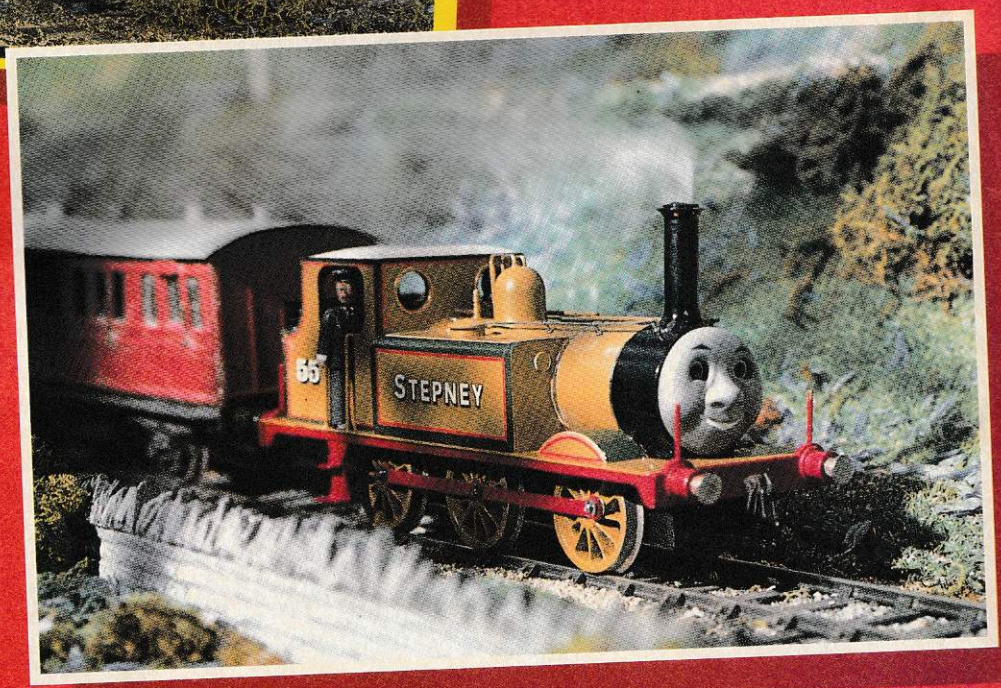


Stepney!



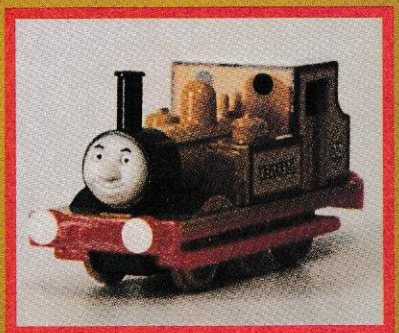
He was saved from the scrap yard by his good pal Rusty, so Stepney is glad to work hard!

He buzzes with enthusiasm and good ideas, though sometimes he's a little too eager to please!

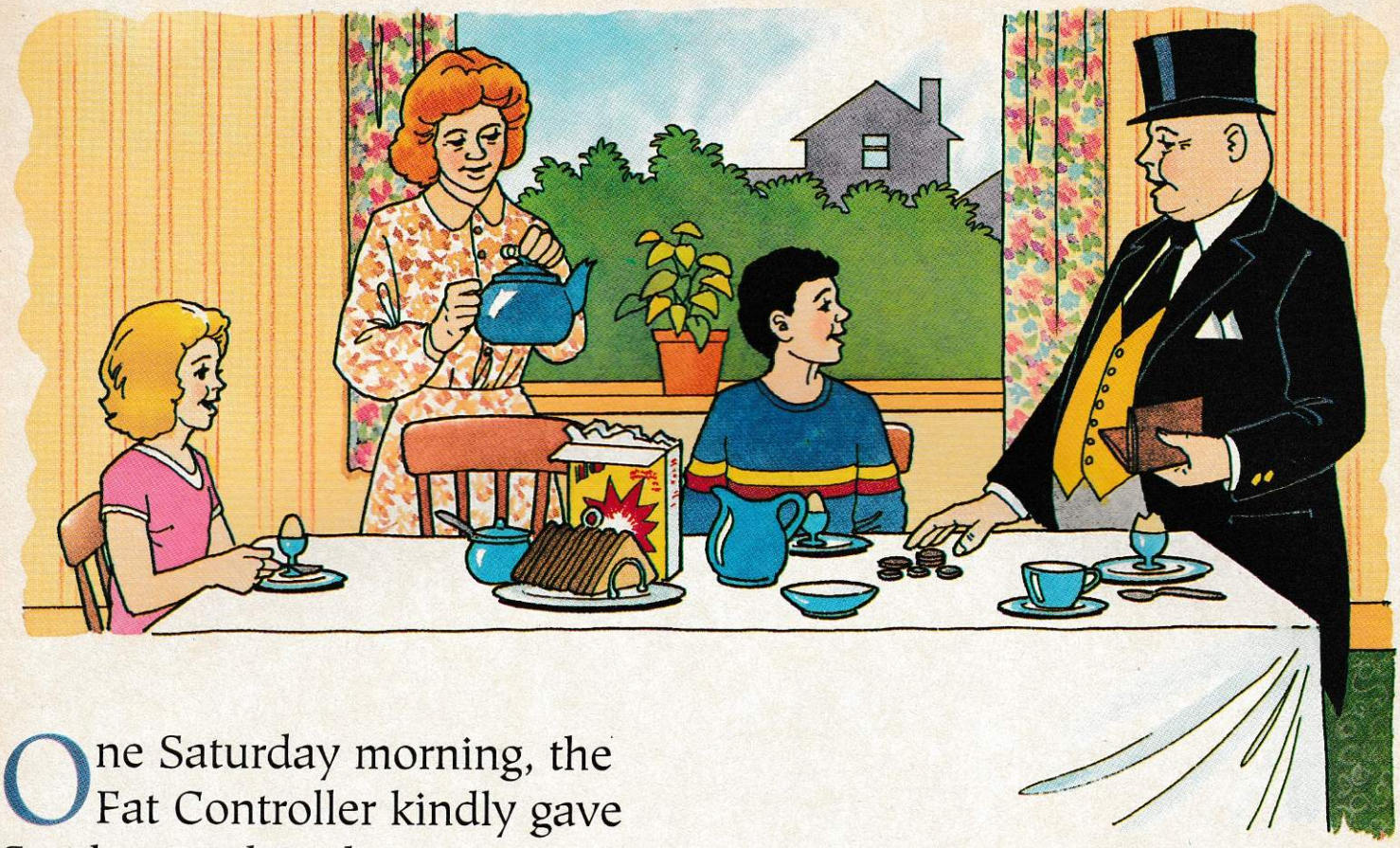


Win a model Stepney!

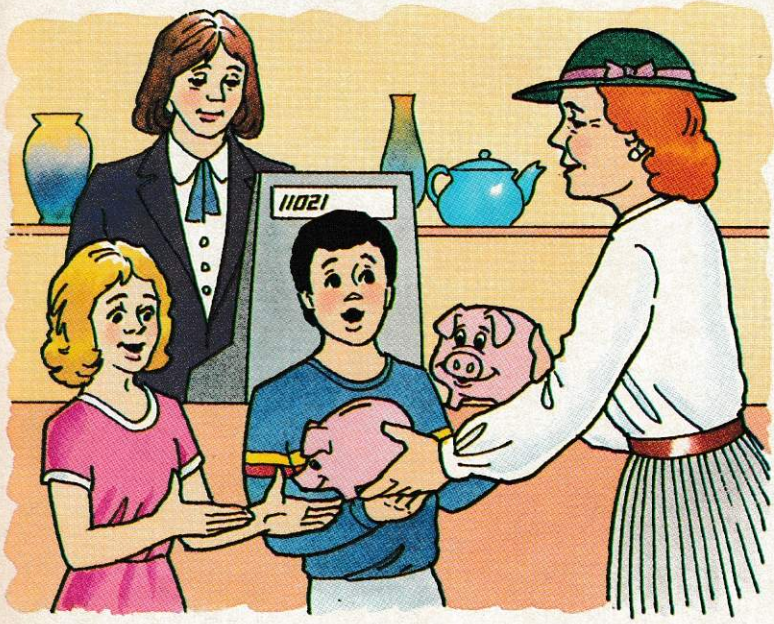
Five lucky winners will win a splendid model of Stepney from the ERTL engine range! Just send a postcard, with your name, age and address to: Thomas/250 model competition, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, TN2 5UJ. Closing date: May 21st, 1997.



The Potter's Present

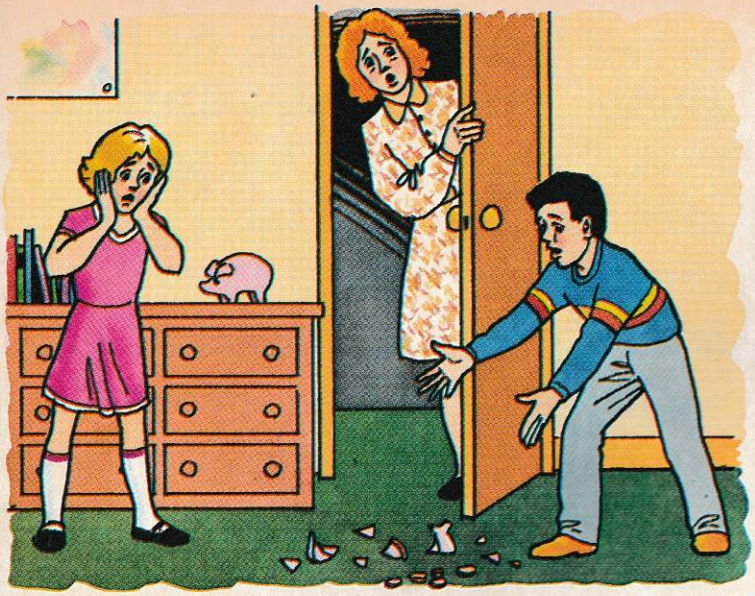


One Saturday morning, the Fat Controller kindly gave Stephen and Bridget some pocket-money. "You can have some each week," he told them. "But your grandmother and I would like you to keep half. It will help you both learn to save." "That won't be very easy," said Stephen. "There are so many nice things to buy!" "Then we'd better give you something else as well," smiled Lady Hatt.



Stephen and Bridget were puzzled. After the Fat Controller had gone to work, Lady Hatt took them shopping. She bought two china piggy-banks. "One each," she said, handing them to her grandchildren. "Now we understand. Thanks, Grandma," they replied.

The children bought a comic and a colouring book to share. They carried their piggy-banks home and put the rest of their pocket-money inside. Stephen



shook his piggy-bank up and down so the coins made a chinking noise. "Hey! Be careful," warned Bridget.

Too late! The piggy-bank slipped out of Stephen's hands. It fell to the floor and smashed. Lady Hatt rushed into the room and saw the broken pieces scattered everywhere. "Sorry, Grandma," said Stephen. "It was an accident." "You'll have to save up and buy a new piggy-bank," said his sister.

Lady Hatt cleared up the mess. Then she asked Stephen and Bridget if they wanted to go to a craft centre with her. The children were not sure what that was. They thought it would be fun to find out.

Soon all three arrived at the Main Station to catch Thomas' next passenger train. He took them to a country station by a big wooden barn that had been turned into a workshop. A sign above the door read: 'CRAFT CENTRE'. Lady Hatt and her grandchildren joined lots of other visitors. Inside, men and women were making all sorts of things, from patchwork bed-

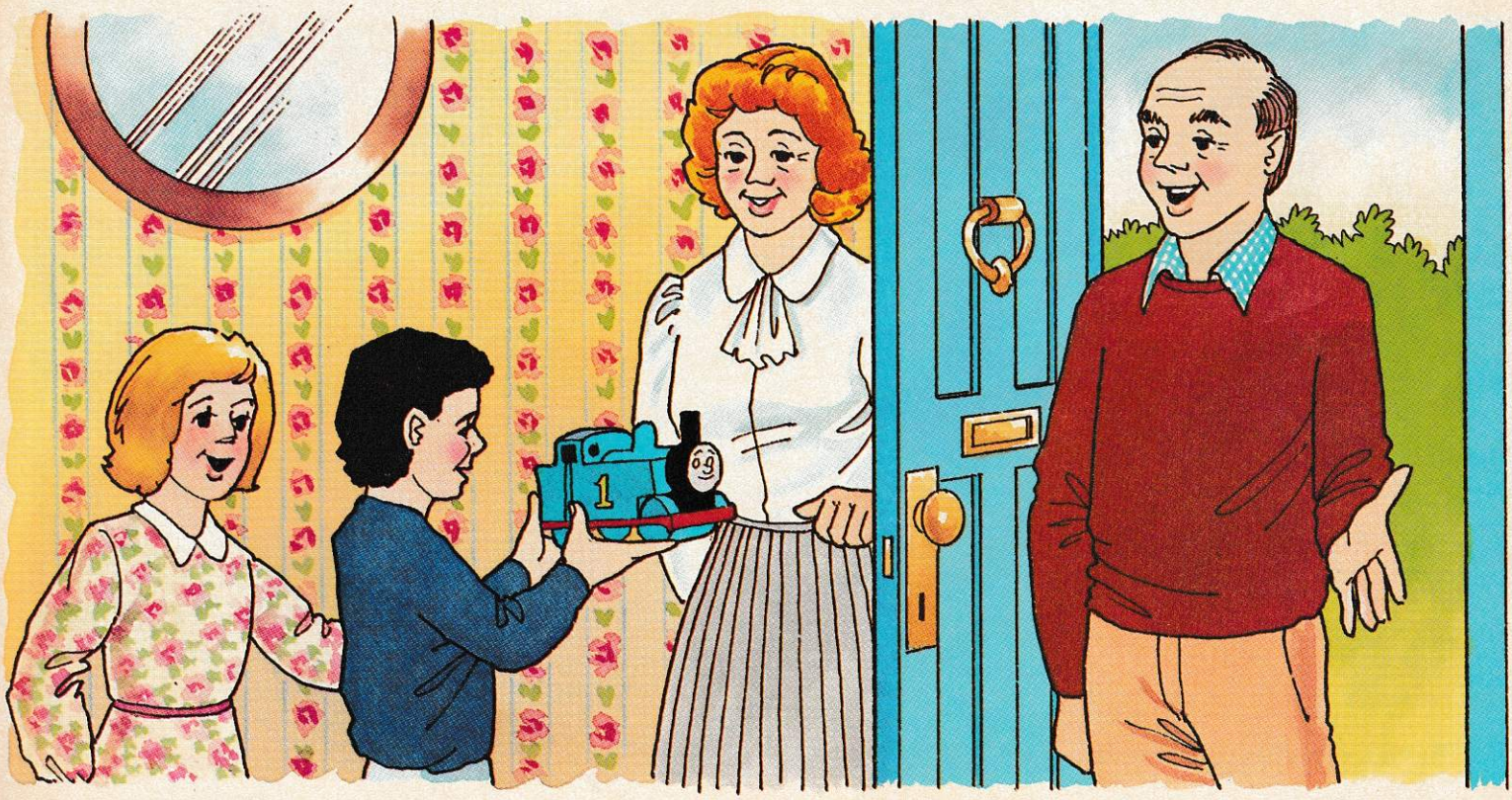
covers and corn dollies, to carved candles and pottery.

A man used a special potter's wheel to shape pots and bowls. He had already made some. The potter was Lady Hatt's friend. Stephen told him all about his broken piggy-bank. "What a shame!" said the potter. "Never mind! At least we've had a ride on our friend, Thomas the Tank Engine, today," replied Stephen.

A few days later, the potter called at Lady Hatt's house. He carried something in a bag. "It's for you, Stephen," he said.

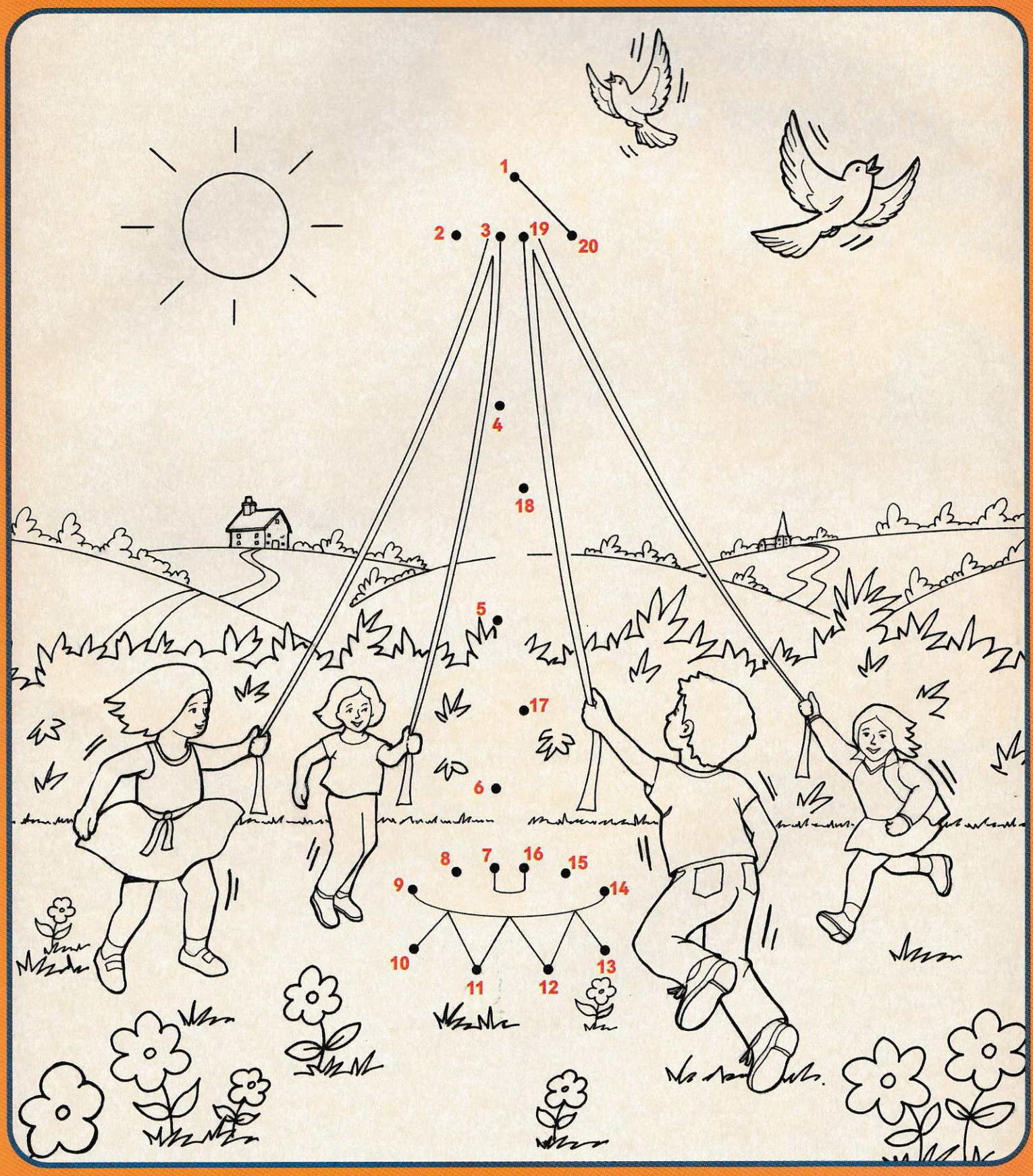
Stephen could hardly wait to see what it was. To his surprise, he unwrapped a bright blue model of Thomas. It was hollow and had a little slit in the top. "It's a new money-box I made from clay," explained the potter. "Wow! It's great!" replied Stephen. "I promise I'll take extra-special care, this time!" "I'm very glad to hear it," said Lady Hatt. "You know, that's not a piggy-bank. It's an *engine-bank*!" laughed Bridget.

THE END



Dot to dot!

What are the children dancing near? Join the dots to make it clear!



When you've finished, colour in this page!

A beany treat!

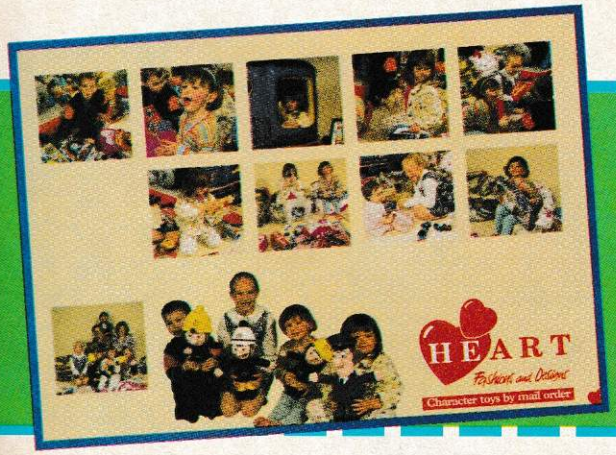
These 'Beanseats' are really neat and we've got 6 to give away!

To win, Just tell us:

Which faithful carriage can you see on the front of this beanseat?

Send your answer, along with your name and address, to: Thomas Beanseat competition, Heart Fashions and Designs, 37a High Street, Walsall Wood, W Midlands, WS9 9LR.

All entries must be received by 21st May 1997.



Heart Fashions and Designs stock over 150 Thomas products in their mail order catalogue. For your FREE copy, telephone 01543 377182, quoting reference 250, or write to them at the competition address above.

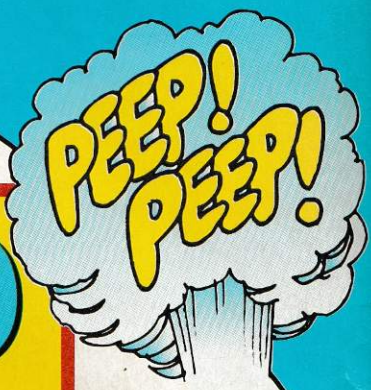
Heart would like to offer all Thomas Marvel readers a Thomas 'Beanseat' at a special mail order price of £26.99, including postage & packing!

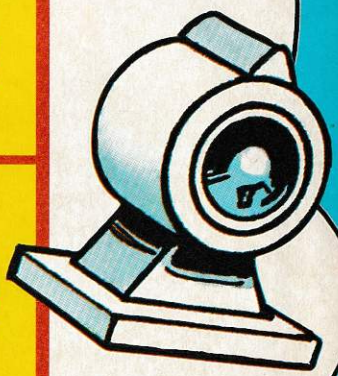
This competition is open to all readers other than employees and their families of participating companies. We cannot accept any responsibility for prizes lost or damaged in the post. The Editor's decision is final, and no correspondence shall be entered into.

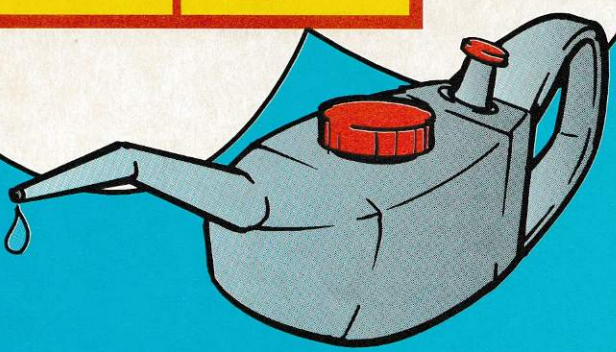
Word wonder!

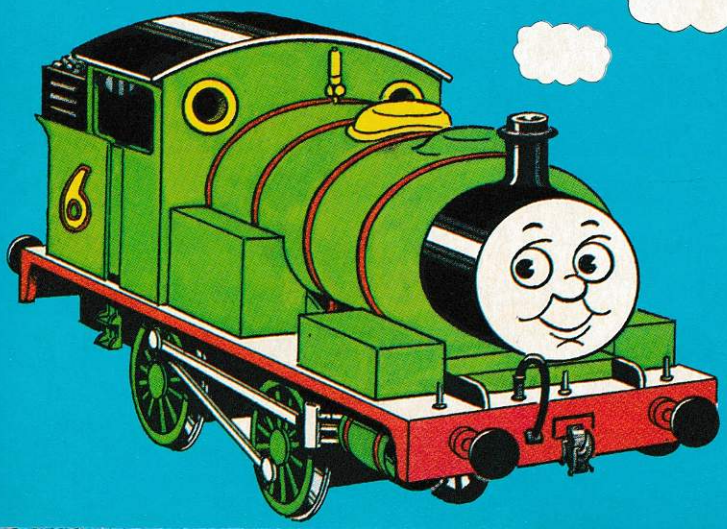
Help puzzled Percy find the names of each item hidden in the word grid!

l	a	m	p
o	i	l	e
b	u	s	e
d	c	a	p





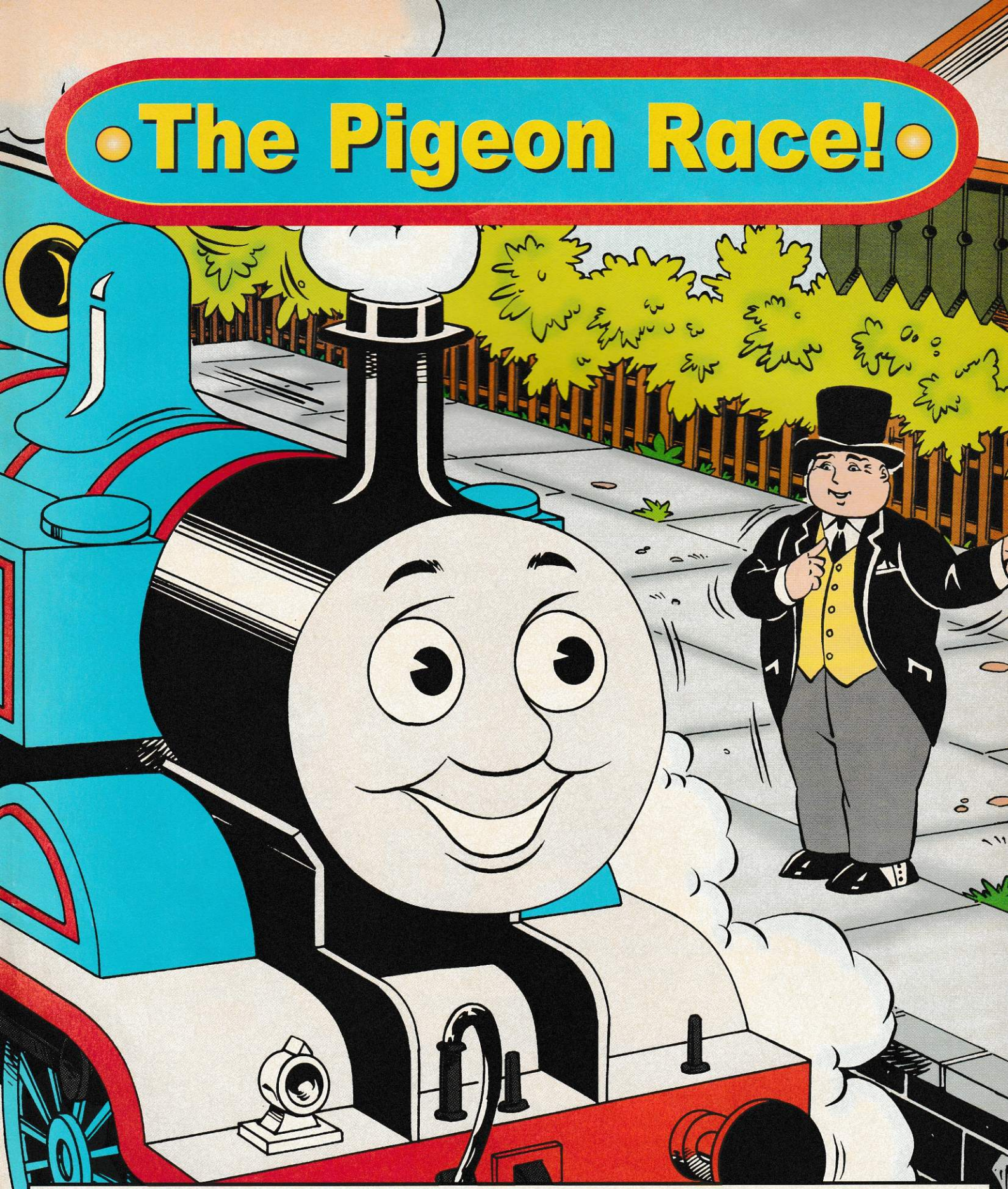




ANSWERS

lamp, oil, bus, peep, cap

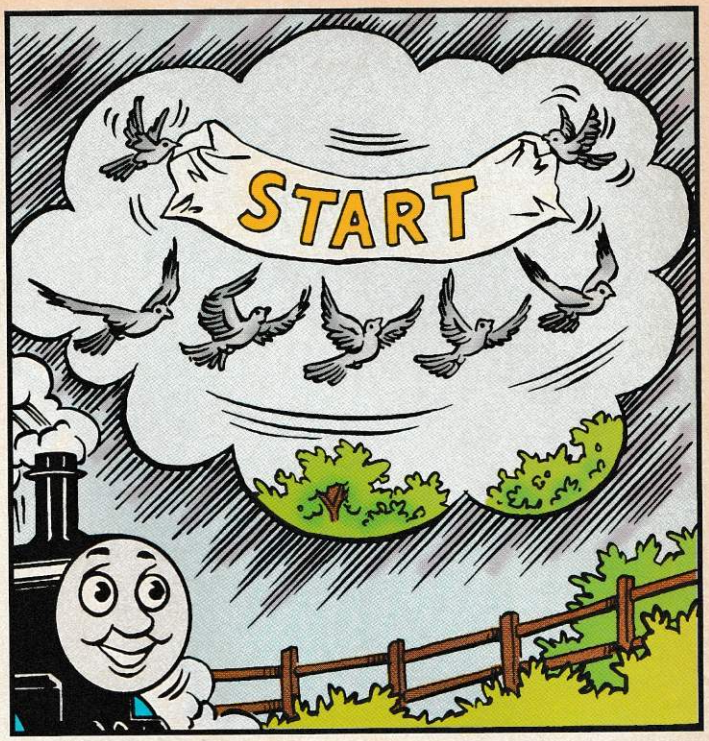
The Pigeon Race!



1. "You've got some very special passengers today, Thomas," said the Fat Controller. "They'll be travelling in big baskets." "People in baskets?" Thomas said, amazed.

2. "They're not people," said the Fat Controller. "They're pigeons." Thomas was still surprised. "That's silly," he said. "Pigeons can fly anywhere, they don't need trains!"

3. "They're racing pigeons and we're taking them to the start of the race," the Fat Controller said. "My own pigeon, Harriet, is flying today," he said, picking up a small basket.

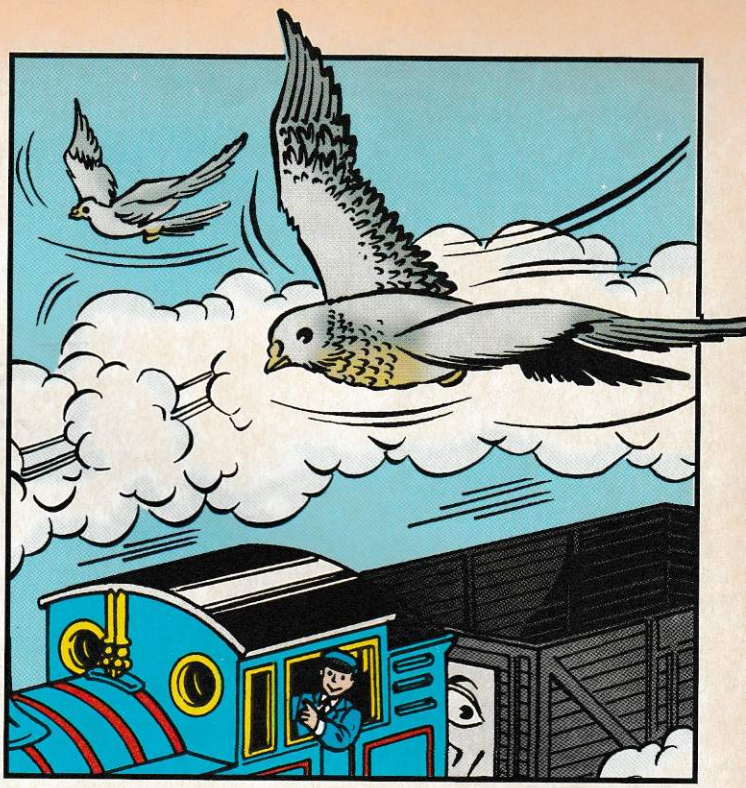


4. "Racing pigeons!" Thomas puffed. He imagined them all lined up in the sky waiting for the starting whistle. "Do they have a special racing track to fly along?" he wondered.

5. At the station, the baskets were unloaded by their owners. Thomas watched as the Fat Controller carefully placed Harriet in the large starting basket with all the others.

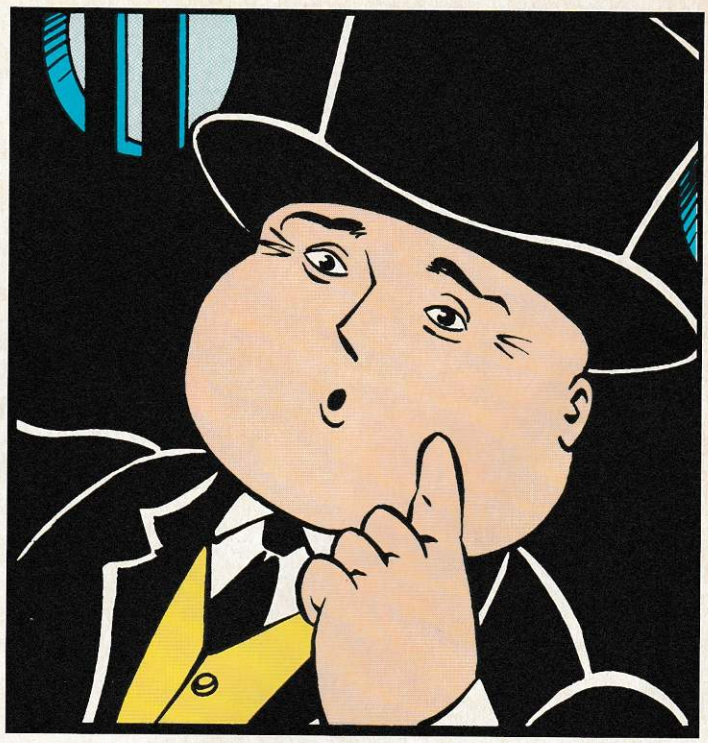
6. The pigeons didn't have a special track in the sky or a starting whistle as Thomas thought. A man pulled a rope which opened the basket. They all flapped their wings and were off.

7. The Fat Controller climbed into Thomas' cab with the driver and they set off for home. "I wish I could see the race," puffed Thomas, sadly. "We might see them," said his driver.



8. Thomas stopped at the next station, and sure enough, the racing pigeons flew over. "They've caught us up," said Thomas' driver. "They don't have to stop like we do."

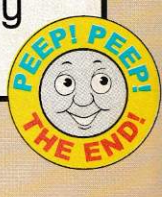
9. Thomas stared at the pigeons. "How do they know where to go?" he asked. "They're very clever," replied the Fat Controller. "They always find their way home!"



10. Later, Thomas was racing along. He caught up with the pigeons. The Fat Controller looked puzzled. "I can't see Harriet," he said. "With her black wing, she's easy to spot."

11. Later at the Main Station, Thomas was telling the other engines about his day. "You see," he said, "pigeons are very clever and wherever you let them out, they can always find their way home." Just then, the Fat Controller appeared, looking very worried. "All the racing pigeons have come home safely," he said. "But there's still no sign of my Harriet."

12. At that moment, one very tired looking pigeon flew towards them. "I don't suppose that one's in the race." said Percy. "Yes it is!" said the Fat Controller. "It's Harriet!" The pigeon swooped down and landed happily on top of the Fat Controller's hat. "You might be the slowest, but you always come home in the end," he said. "Just like my engines!" They all laughed.



The m

Please send your letters, pictures and drawings to Mail Train, Thomas, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, TN2 5UJ.

Star Letter

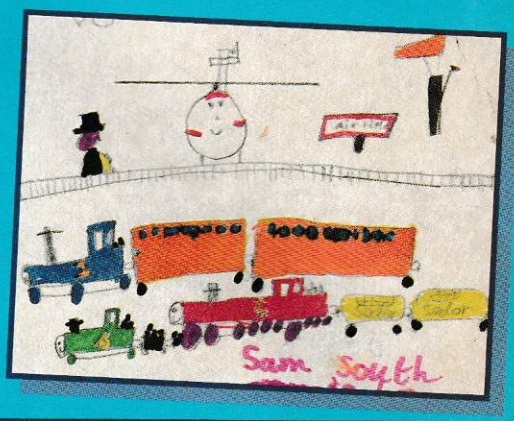
Dear Fat Controller,
Does Gordon go faster than Thomas?

From Tom Pryce, aged 6.

Yes! Gordon is a speedy express engine, the quickest on Sodor! He's great if there's an urgent delivery to make, and he always has time to help the other engines if they get in a jam!

The sender of any letter that is printed as our STAR LETTER will win a splendid Thomas carry case!

Who can you see, in this splendid picture of everyone, by Sam South, aged 7?



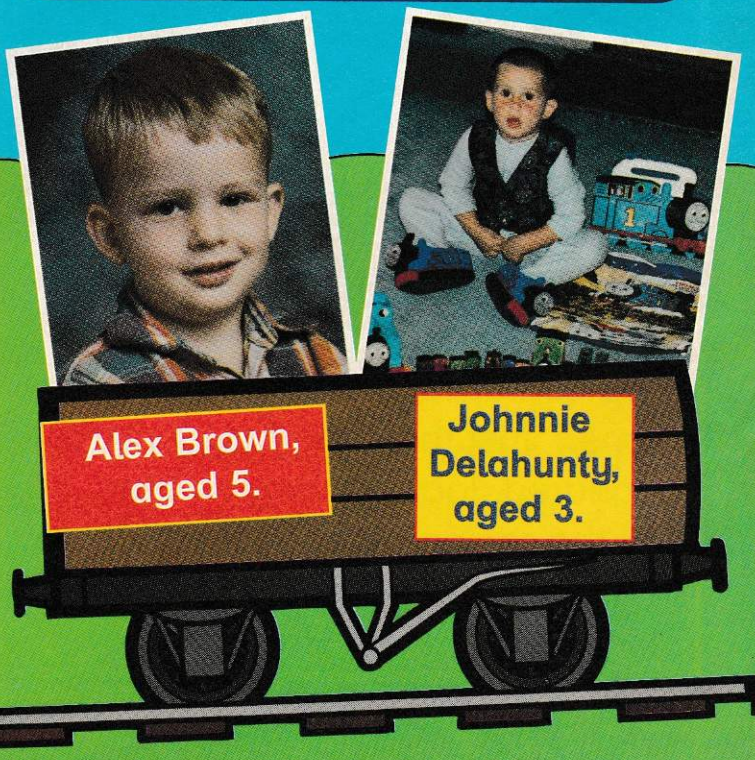
Prize Poem!

This cheery poem by Stephen Poole, aged 9, is just right about my number one engine!

Thomas is bright,
Thomas is blue,
He is a nice engine,
And has lots of friends too!

Happy Birthday

To: Liam Scott Dale, aged 4,
Thomas Adams, aged 4,
Daniel Stammers, aged 4,
& Sally Power, aged 2.



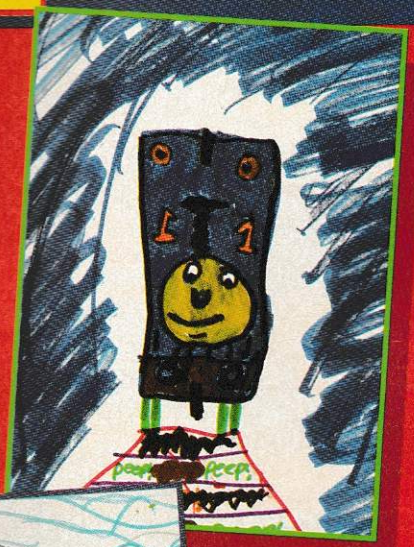
Alex Brown, aged 5.

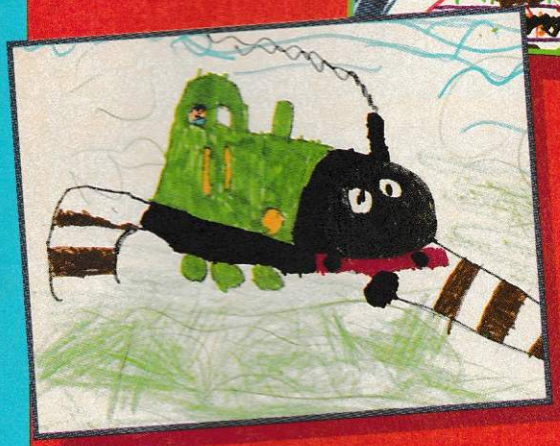
Johnnie Delahunty, aged 3.

ail train!

Anyone who has a drawing printed on this page will win a set of special Thomas Glitter Stickers.

A brilliant sky blue Thomas, by Gemma Bradbury, aged 8.





It's a smiley Oliver by Michael Charlish, aged 4.

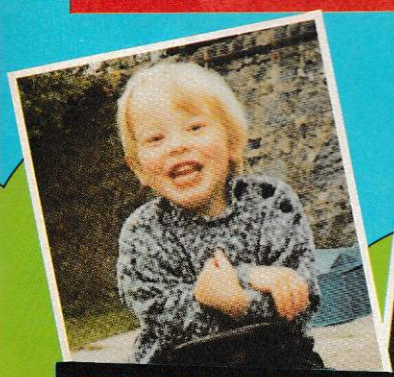
Percy's Jokes

Have you got a favourite joke or funny story? Why not send it to Percy?

What tool would you find in the ocean?
A sea-saw!
Mark Sorrill, aged 5.

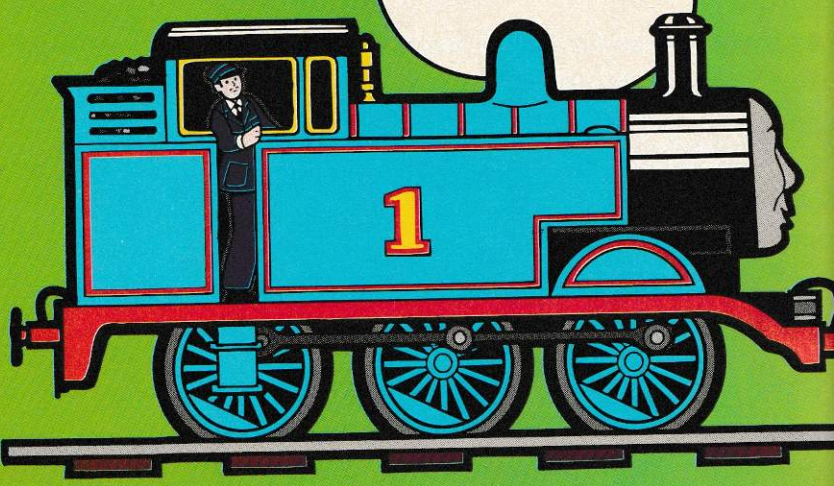
What do ghosts eat for breakfast?
Dreaded wheat!
Andrew Holme, aged 6.

What sport does an orange like best?
Squash!
Guy Harvey, aged 3.



Callum Michie, aged 3.

Adam Yearwood!



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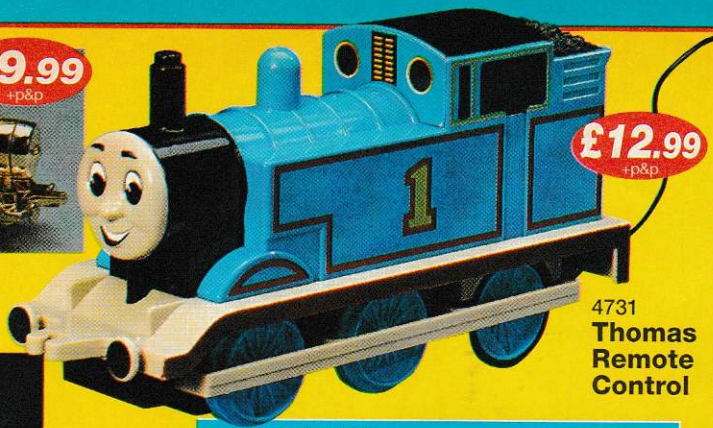

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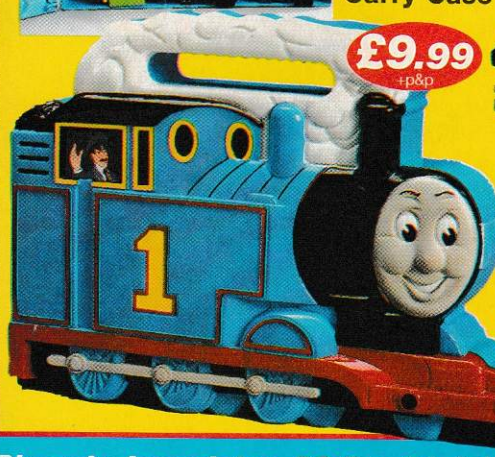

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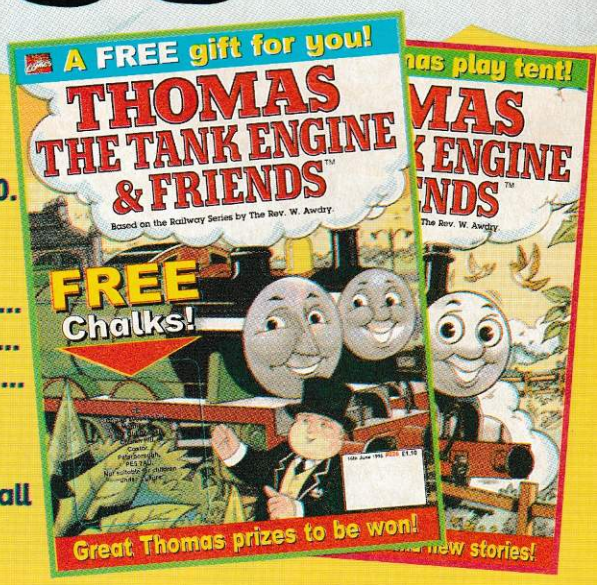

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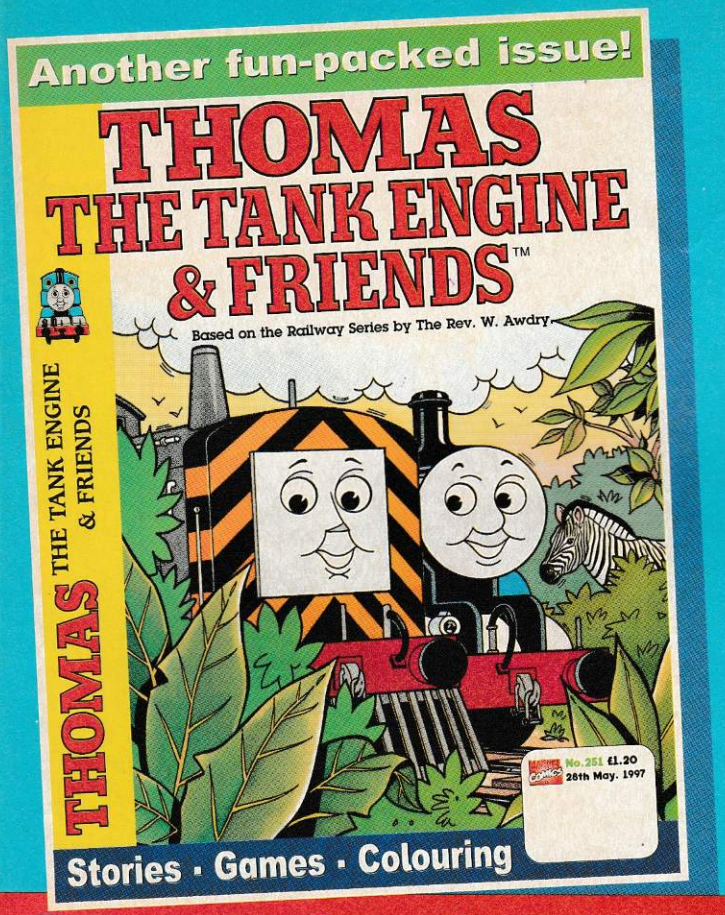

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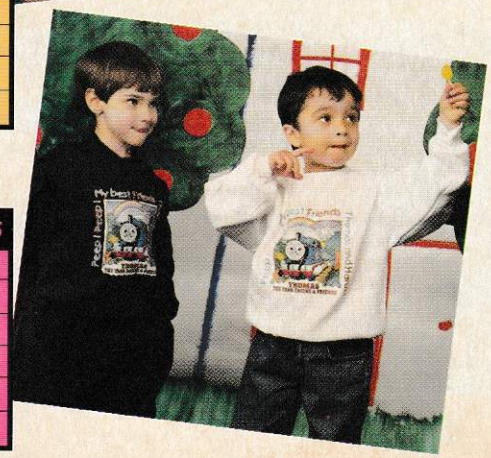

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